

Birth and Death Dwell Side by Side

Lakeside 18 August, 1967

Birth and death dwell side by side
The flies scavenging death-laden mud
The emptied crayfish shell whose contents
Bloat the stomach of a toad.
Still water cleanses
Floods the eye by symmetry
Mobilized in subtle, novel shapes
Creations charm is lavished
On my here and now.
It took innumerable aeons for man to walk
From his lakes and ^{primal} forests to his square electronic cities.
To his square, abstract, electronic cities
It is not surprising now
His hunger to return.

258
The artist's visual moment
Thirsts for the poetic word
To hammer it into language.

God! God! God! I know
The truth about myself which others may not know
I am a pretender, a phony
In this green world it is revealed to me.

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Continued

1
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2

Ours may be the ^{Terminal} ~~last~~ generation
To know ~~you~~ ^{you} by name, O God,
Though surely other times will know
Your real presence (otherwise denoted)
Touching time with now. God
I am glad I have known you
Dancing with history. O thou
Than which nothing more perfect can be conceived
Since perfection to be conceived must exist
Thou art most certainly knowable as
The companion of being!
With green and grey
Thou hast today
Healed my wounded soul.

(18 August, 1967)

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